RUSLING

DC
243
.R88

THE HERO SERIES

Class DC243
Book .R86
Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE HERO SERIES

WATERLOO

BY

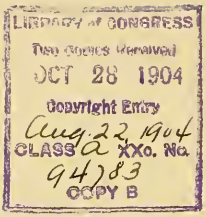
JAMES F. RUSLING

Author of "EUROPEAN DAYS AND WAYS."

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS & GRAHAM
NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS

DC243
.M8P

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
OCT 28 1904
Copyright Entry
Aug. 22, 1904
CLASS a XXc. No.
94783
COPY B



COPYRIGHT, 1904,
JENNINGS AND GRAHAM

Waterloo

Here Wellington stood against Napoleon, and whipped him, and drove him back into France, and out of Europe, and established the power and authority of the Anglo-Saxon race over the whole earth for a century nearly now. I think that was something to do; and you can see it all here at Waterloo, if you have only the right kind of eyes to see.

Waterloo itself is only a little typical Belgian village, of a few hundred inhabitants, strung along the Brussels and Charleroi road for a mile or two. It is three miles or more from the battlefield, and the great battle only happened to be so called, because Wellington wrote his first dispatch home from there. It took him three days to get the news to London; he could do it now in three minutes. But it soon set all England wild, and Europe as well. The French call it the battle of Mont

St. Jean, because it really occurred there. But it got the name of Waterloo, and, though erroneous, will so pass down the centuries.

To understand Waterloo, one must go back to the beginning of the campaign; only a few days before, really. Napoleon had returned from Elba only three months before, and all Europe was up in arms against him, nearly a million of soldiers preparing to invade France. Quickly he recruited a great army again; but where to strike first puzzled him. Finally he decided to move on Belgium, where the English and Prussians lay, ready to march on Paris, and to separate and whip them in detail, if possible, before turning his attention elsewhere. To do this, he must needs move quickly and secretly, and accordingly he ordered his army to assemble at Charleroi, Belgium, on the road to Brussels—about thirty miles from there—as speedily as possible. Here he himself joined, June 15th, while the English were assembling at Quatrebras, and the Prussians at Ligny, twenty-one and twenty-eight miles from Brussels respectively, to safe-guard the two main

roads to Brussels. In round numbers he had one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, the Prussians one hundred and twenty-one thousand, and the English, or allies, ninety-four thousand. He ordered Ney to Quatrebras, eight or ten miles away, with forty-three thousand men, to watch Wellington and stand the English off, while he himself attacked Blücher and his Prussians, June 16th, at Ligny, also eight or ten miles distant, and whipped them well; but without routing them, however. He supposed they were going to fall back on Namur and Liege, and possibly to the Rhine (at right angles nearly to the Brussels road, and thus separating themselves more and more from Wellington), and left Grouchy, with thirty-three thousand men, to observe and handle them, while he himself, with the rest of his army, joined Ney at Quatrebras, June 17th. Ney had been slow in getting there on the 16th, or he would have overwhelmed the allies, who were only partly concentrated, and Wellington himself only just escaped capture after some desperate fighting there. The duke now

withdrew everything to Waterloo, and decided to stand and fight there, if Blücher would reenforce him with "a single army corps." His reply was that he would come with his whole army; "upon this understanding, however, that if the French do not attack us on the 18th, we shall attack them on the 19th." With this understanding, then, Wellington halted at Waterloo, and prepared for action.

In many respects Waterloo is indeed an ideal battlefield, and not unlike our own Gettysburg. It is easy to see why Wellington won, when one rides over the field. I never understood it before going there, and let me see if I can now make it plain to others.

The English had much the advantage of position, just as Meade had at Gettysburg. Wellington had marked it with his eagle eye and nose, over a year before, as a good place to fight, and his engineers had it well mapped out and ready for battle before Napoleon arrived there. The half-paved highways from Nivelles and Genappe, up which the French were advancing, unite at the village of Mont St. Jean,

a little hill only, whence the main road leads to Brussels. The whole country there is not a dead level, like so much of Belgium, but a series of waves and swells, with rocky crests and detached hills, especially on Wellington's side, affording every facility for concealing and protecting troops. Here, on the crest or ridge of a long swell, extending from La Hougomont (Hugo's Mont or Hill) on the right to Mont St. Jean on the left, a distance of two and a half miles or so, Wellington posted the English army. Opposite, a mile or so away, on a much lower swell, Napoleon posted the French army. This was not unlike Meade and Lee at Gettysburg, on Cemetery Ridge and Seminary Ridge, respectively. Between was a considerable intervale, and, as Napoleon attacked, the French had first to march down and across, and then charge up, much as Lee had to do; and Wellington had only to stand still and hold fast, as Meade did, with La Hougomont and Mont St. Jean to help him, as Meade had Kulp's Hill and Little Round Top to help him. Mont St. Jean did not count

for so much as Little Round Top, but La Hougomont proved another Kulp's Hill, and more, and one could well understand this when he saw what it was and is.

La Hougomont is a solid and massive old chateau of brick and stone, built in the sixteenth or seventeenth century for defense, with numerous outbuildings, and a large yard and extensive garden, all inclosed by a high and substantial brick wall. There were more buildings there then than now, and more places for shelter and defense. There is a high hedgerow before it now; but then there was also a considerable grove, since cut down. It has heavy wooden gates, secured by strong iron bars, that show marks of age and battle, but look good for another century or two. Inside is a great Belgian barn, of stone and brick, that is a real fortress of itself on a moderate scale. This was filled with sleek-looking horses and cows the day we were there, while outside were antique plows, harrows, carts, farm-wagons, etc. Also inside, just beyond the main entrance, is a little brick chapel, with a rude altar

at the farther end, surmounted by a carved wooden statue of St. Anne, with the child Christ in her arms. A ball knocked off his head during the battle, and his feet were charred by fire, but here the flames stopped. "A miracle," the Belgian peasants say; but no mass has been said there since, several soldiers having been killed in the chapel.

Here Wellington rested his right wing, as well he might—it was a miniature fort—after carefully loop-holing all its walls, and scaffolding them, so as to fire from the top as well as underneath—a double line of fire—and barricading every door and gate with wagons and carts. He posted four companies of his English Guards here, the best troops he had, under splendid officers, re-enforcing them from time to time as needed, and planted artillery to command all the approaches and also to command the place itself if surrounded by the enemy. It seems incredible, but this little English garrison—never over a thousand strong, if so many—here resisted the whole of Reille's corps, some twelve thousand strong, beating

it back again and again, and holding La Hougomont to the last. The French did not know what it was. They thought it only a piece of woods, with a house or so in it, and butted their brains out against its massive brick and stone walls in vain. They attacked it furiously, brigade after brigade, but did it by piecemeal, and gained nothing. Prodigies of valor were performed here on both sides; the French climbing over the walls, only to be shot or bayoneted as they leaped down on the inside, and the English fighting like bulldogs amidst fire and smoke, against overwhelming odds. The French early set fire to it; but the English fought the flames and the French both. When the French swarmed around it too much, the English howitzers on the ridge above shelled and scattered them like chaff, and all day long the English never let go their bulldog grip here. Why the French did not bring up some of their splendid batteries and knock it to pieces, or make powder-bags and blow down its walls, is very surprising. But here was a

fatality that, of itself, cost Napoleon the field; and there were others.

Farther down the English line, near the center of it, but somewhat to the front, is La Haye Sainte, a brick and stone farmhouse, with barns and outbuildings also, but with nothing like the strength of La Hougomont. Here Wellington also posted some good troops (King's German Legion), but the place was too far front for re-enforcing or supplying with ammunition, and, though gallantly defended, the French finally took and held it. Why they did not then bring up their artillery here and enfilade the British lines, raking them east and west to St. Jean and Hougomont, is another mystery, and must be counted as another fatality. One would suppose it would have been the first thing Napoleon would have thought of; but his mind may have been too much engrossed just then with the approach of Blücher, and Ney overlooked or neglected it, as he did other things in that campaign.

The two armies were pretty well matched as

to numbers actually present on the field—Wellington 67,661 men, Napoleon 71,947. But Napoleon had two hundred and forty-six guns to Wellingon's only one hundred and fifty-six, and his cavalry was also superior. But, worst of all, Wellington had a heterogeneous army of English, Belgians, Hanoverians, Brunswickers, Germans, Nassauers, and Dutch, part of whom were disaffected, because formerly under Napoleon, and part poltroons. Of course his English troops were good, though in part raw recruits, his veterans of the Peninsula being absent in America, paying their respects to Andrew Jackson at New Orleans. But of his army as a whole, Wellington afterwards said, "It was the worst I ever commanded." No reliance could be placed on his Netherlanders, especially the Belgians. Early in the battle they broke and fled from the field, amidst the jeers and execrations of their English allies, and never returned, reporting at Brussels that the day was lost. Practically, therefore, Wellington was reduced to fifty thousand men, composed of four or five dif-

ferent nationalities, of whom only about thirty thousand were really British. His generals, however, were good officers, many of them trained under his own eye, veterans of the Peninsula and India; and he himself was in his military prime (forty-six years), confident of himself and eager to fight Napoleon. He had fought his best marshals in Spain and Portugal, and whipped them, and now was ready to tackle their chief also. On June 15th he had been at the famous ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels, and there received his first news of Napoleon's advance on Belgium. "Bony has humbugged me and gained twenty-four hours march on me!" he said to the Duke of Richmond. But he immediately went to bed and slept six hours, and then mounted his horse and rode at speed to Quatrebras (twenty miles), where he arrived at 3 A. M., June 16th, and at daylight was at Blücher's headquarters several more miles away, where he advised old "Marshal Forwarts" (he was seventy-two, and had been fifty years a soldier) to make some changes in his dispositions; but he would not,

and got well drubbed by Napoleon that day at Ligny accordingly. Wellington intended to concentrate at Quatrebras, but found it too late, and so ordered everything back to Waterloo, or Mont St. Jean; and here now he stood ready to receive battle, and to fight as man never fought before for "God and native land." Of course, he expected Blücher to re-enforce him; but until Blücher came, or whether Blücher came or not, he resolved to stand and fight it out, like the intrepid Englishman and heroic soul he was.

On the other hand, the French army was homogeneous, all Frenchmen, and composed mainly of old and well-disciplined soldiers, accustomed to act together and habituated to victory. They were Napoleon's veterans, the victors on a hundred battlefields. Over two hundred thousand French soldiers had got home from foreign prisons not long before, and here were Napoleon's pick of them, thirsting for revenge and glory again. His officers, also, were good, though his old marshals were mainly absent, only Soult and Ney present;

Soult as chief of staff, and Ney second in command. Grouchy was also along, but detached to watch the Prussians, with thirty-three thousand men, not included above, and never reached Waterloo. But Napoleon depended upon him, and had he divined Grouchy would never reach the field, evidently he would have fought the battle very differently, or not fought it at all. His old marshals had tired of fighting, and either remained at home or had taken "French leave," and gone abroad. Napoleon himself was then forty-five, and though claimed not to be himself as formerly, neither physically nor mentally, yet clearly he showed no evidence of this in the pending campaign and battle. Both were admirably planned, and they worked out like clock-work up to certain points, and then went absolutely to pieces, as if struck by destiny. He left Paris June 12th, at 3.30 A. M., and rode day and night in his military carriage, until the evening of the 14th, when he neared Charleroi. On the 15th he mounted his horse, and rode from 3 A. M. to 9 P. M., and then ate and slept until midnight,

when he mounted again and rode along his lines, closely inspecting the enemy both on horseback and afoot without his staff (as was his custom, declining to endanger his staff officers unnecessarily), and that day fought the Prussians at Ligny, winning a real victory, and effectually separating them from Wellington, as he supposed. He was in the saddle again all that day (16th), and that night slept hard and late. On the 17th, it rained hard; but he duly mounted and rode eight or ten miles to La Belle Alliance, a little country tavern only, and here he established his headquarters, ready for battle next day at Waterloo. It rained hard all that afternoon and night, with much thunder and lightning, but at 1 A. M. (18th) he mounted and rode to the front, and rode and walked all along his picket-lines, as was his custom before battle, to assure himself that everything was in order and the enemy still there. At 2.30 A. M. he was near the wood of Hougomont, and then returned to La Belle Alliance. Soon afterwards a report reached him that the English were retiring, and he

again mounted and rode two miles and a half through the rain and mud with one of his corps commanders (d'Erlon), intending to order instant pursuit if the report proved true, but a close inspection on foot showed they were still there, grouped about their camp-fires. At 8 A. M. he mounted again and rode along his lines, and issued orders for his army to draw up in three lines ready for battle, but it did not cease raining until 9 A. M. It was 10.30 A. M. before his formation was completed, with bands playing, colors flying, and shouts of *"Vive l'Empereur"* from all parts of the field, in plain view of the English from their higher ground, and then (fatally) he still delayed his attack until 1 P. M., because of the softness of the ground. Above all else he was an artillery officer. He believed in cannon. He had won Austerlitz, Jena, Marengo, and his great victories elsewhere, chiefly by cannon, and he did not want to go into action until he was sure of his guns. All this goes to prove that Napoleon was really himself at Waterloo, alert and vigorous as usual, though older and fatter, and

suffering at times from some bladder trouble. He believed his army superior to the English in both numbers and fighting capacity, and was confident of beating them, as he had beaten the Prussians at Ligny. He thought Grouchy would head off or stand off the Prussians, as Ney had stood off the English at Quatrebras June 16th, and he meant to make quick work of Wellington, now that he had him at bay. He told Soult on the morning of the battle, that his chances were at least ninety out of one hundred; that the duke was only "a Sepoy general," after all—referring to his campaigns in India—and that "this English general would have to have his lesson, as others had done, and he would give it to him before the day was over!" And so he boasted, French Corsican-like, while Wellington grimly sat still and bided his time; his men well under cover, while the French were in plain view.

The field has been described pretty well already, but it may help to a clearer understanding of it if I say that it is well represented by the letter V, or better by an inverted letter A,

thus "∀" The right-hand stroke is the Nivelles road; the left the Genappe road. At the inverted apex is Mont St. Jean; Wellington is there. At the right foot is La Hougomont; Reille's corps is there, with Jerome Bonaparte commanding one of his divisions. At the left is La Belle Alliance; Napoleon is there. The cross-bar would be Wellington's line of battle substantially, with La Haye Sainte near the center, but somewhat in front. The triangle below the cross-bar would be the plateau of Mont St. Jean, commanding the road to Brussels, for which was the whole struggle. Whoever occupied and held that was sure to have Brussels, and so Belgium, and so perhaps Europe; and hence the great combat.

It was Sunday, and all the instincts of Wellington were against fighting on that day; but there was no help for him. It was now well on towards noon, if not after (accounts differ as to the exact time, though the attack was ordered for 1 P. M.), when the battle opened by the advance of a part of Reille's corps (French left wing) under Jerome Bonaparte,

a brother of Napoleon. Its skirmishers advanced rapidly and attacked furiously, expecting to take La Hougomont by storm, but were bloodily repulsed. They soon returned to the assault with redoubled fury, and speedily forced their way up to and over the old brick walls in some instances; but the British infantry and howitzers soon drove them out, or bayoneted them, and again they were compelled to retreat. This was only the beginning of reiterated assaults lasting all the afternoon, in which the French infantry literally swarmed about and over and through La Hougomont, but they could never take and permanently hold it. They battered down its gates and doors. They set fire to it. They drove its defenders from wall to wall, and room to room. They bespattered it with blood, and filled it with the dead and dying. But somehow Wellington always re-enforced it at the right moment, and his men held on with a dogged pluck and resolution characteristic of the race. Had the French once gained it, they would likely have gained the day also. But destiny or Provi-

dence ordered otherwise. It was not unlike our first day at Gettysburg indeed.

But this attack on La Hougomont was only meant as a feint. Napoleon never supposed it would take more than an hour or so, and would draw Wellington's attention away from his main attack. This was to be against the British left and center, at Mont St. Jean and La Haye Sainte, and was meant to carry the plateau and seize the main road to Brussels there. It was well planned, but indifferently executed, and only partially successful; not unlike our second day at Gettysburg. It was ordered for 1 P. M., but did not begin until about 2 P. M. It was placed in charge of d'Erlon, his best corps commander, and aimed straight at the key of the English position there. He moved out with upwards of twenty thousand men, including cavalry, supported by seventy-eight guns, many of them twelve-pounders; and it must have been a "braw" sight and a "bonnie" spectacle, as the Scotch say. It was only six hundred yards or so to the English lines. The French artillery fired

over their heads, as they crossed the intervale and began the ascent, and then ceased for fear of hitting their own men. The four divisions moved in four columns *en echelon,* with a front of about two hundred men each in forty ranks, five paces apart (practically a solid column), and promised great things, but proved unwieldy and lacked mobility. When they got to the crest of the ridge the British, or allies, rose suddenly and attacked furiously at short range, with both infantry and artillery, as well as cavalry, and though a part of their line gave way (Netherlanders), yet the rest fought with great gallantry and intense fierceness. The charge of the British was irresistible, and soon the French were driven hotly back, with the loss of two eagles, fifteen guns, and thousands of prisoners, besides the killed and wounded. The three left columns, indeed, were forced back in great disorder, and the whole attack failed, though at one time it promised success. It broke the Dutch-Belgians, and indeed looked so promising for awhile that Napoleon, watching it through his glass from La Belle Alli-

ance, concluded it had succeeded, and at once dispatched a courier to Paris to announce his victory. But he did not know Wellington; and Blücher also was to be reckoned with.

Shortly after d'Erlon moved out to his grand attack, a column of troops appeared on the heights of St. Lambert, far off on the French right. Soult thought them only a cloud at first. Napoleon took them for Grouchy, hastening to his assistance, after fending off Blücher, but soon discovered they were Prussians instead. They had to be looked to, as they menaced his right and rear, and so his communications, and he ordered the Sixteenth Corps to attend to them—about ten thousand men—and re-enforced them with six thousand more afterwards. He gave his own attention to this, as the most important item pending, and turned the battle in front over to Ney, as second in command. This was between 3 and 4 P. M. Here was another fatality; for though Ney was called "the bravest of the brave"—had four horses shot under him at Waterloo—yet he seemed disaffected or disobedient at

Quatrebras, or incompetent, was too slow in getting up, and was never, indeed, accounted a great general; lacked coolness and judgment. He was a cavalry officer *per se*,—brave but reckless, as Napoleon was an artillery officer; and he decided now to put in his cavalry and show the infantry how to do it. He did not order all in, but one division he meant to hold (Guyot's) went in with the rest, without orders, leaving him no reserves, and here was another fatality.

He formed his four divisions—about four thousand men—into twenty-six squadrons, over half a mile long, and launched them as a solid column again against the English center and left, hoping to crush Wellington with the mere weight of his attack. It promised well. His artillery again opened fire over the heads of his advancing cavalry, and pounded the English lines savagely; but they had to cease firing as his cavalry ascended the slope, and here Wellington formed his infantry into squares, three lines deep; front line kneeling with fixed bayonets, and the other two firing over their

heads, with his artillery in the center, firing from time to time, as the infantry opened ranks or lay down.* His artillery tore great gaps through the French cavalry; but still they advanced, and galloped round and round these British squares, hacking at the men with their sabers, and firing off their pistols and hurling them in their faces. But they did not break a single square; and presently Wellington's cavalry, or what was left of it, charged them fiercely, and again the French were driven down the slope, and retired to their own side of the valley. Presently they tried it again with reiterated assaults and increased fury, and it seemed as if those English squares must break and crumble to pieces. But they did not. They took La Haye Sainte, indeed (the English never recovered it), when its ammunition was exhausted and defenders all slain, fighting with clubbed muskets and bayonets to the last. But the Iron Duke still held fast. What was

*Some of his artillery, indeed, remained outside his squares, and pounded the French as they advanced or retired, the gunners taking refuge within the squares, as necessary. But why the French did not spike or otherwise disable these outside guns, I do n't know.

Ney to do now? His infantry and cavalry were both used up, had been recklessly wasted against Wellington's invulnerable lines, and he had no reserves left to fall back upon. At one time he had gained nearly half a mile of the English line, west of the Brussels pike; but Wellington had promptly brought up fresh troops, and restored it again. All day long the duke seemed gifted with ubiquity. He always appeared on the field at the right moment, wherever he was most needed, and his presence — cool, confident, determined — always turned the tide of battle. He never lost his head, and appeared everywhere as the incarnation of English common sense and English bulldog courage—game all through.

It was now well on to 7 P. M. Napoleon thought the Prussians' advance substantially checked, and turned his attention to Wellington again. The battle meanwhile had lulled since the repulse of the cavalry. He soon discovered Ney's plight, with his cavalry used up and gone by being launched obstinately and blindly against the British squares, and de-

cided that the only thing left to do was to put in his Imperial Guard. Had he not had the Prussians to look after, he would have had sixteen thousand fresh troops to attack the British left, and Wellington would have been hard pressed indeed, if not beaten. As it was, he was pretty well used up, too; but he had some fresh troops left, both cavalry and artillery, and above all was himself still plucky and resolute. Of course, he was eager for Blücher to get up. But he meant to fight it out, whether Blücher got up or not. The old story of his exclaiming, "Blücher or night," is likely apocryphal, as he was too good a soldier to allow such words to escape him on the battlefield. More likely he said, "Well, Bony, we 'll see which can pound the longest!"

So Napoleon now ordered his Imperial Guard forward, as a *dernier ressort,* as Lee launched Pickett's division the last day at Gettysburg. He had kept most of it in reserve all day, back of La Belle Alliance, out of fire; Ney not being allowed to use it. But he now ordered the whole of it forward, and as it

passed his headquarters with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" bands playing and colors flying, he placed himself at its head, and led it down to where Ney was—just in front and south of La Haye Sainte—and after addressing it briefly turned it over to him. It consisted of infantry and artillery, about five thousand men, and was indeed the very flower of the French army, picked men, veterans of many a battle-field. In order to encourage them, he also ordered a report to be spread that Grouchy had arrived over on the right. Ney at once assumed command, and, placing himself at its head, marched straight for the British right center, between La Haye Sainte and La Hougomont. He had tried the left twice and the right repeatedly, and now essayed the right center, hoping for better fortune, not knowing Wellington had his reserves there. The column moved *en echelon* again, with a two company front, with ranks five paces apart, as before, with two batteries of horse artillery covering its left flank, while d'Erlon's corps, or what was left of it, covered its right flank. It moved

diagonally across the field, at the *pas de charge,* bands playing and colors flying, with their huge bearskin caps, arms à-port, and officers in front waving their swords, while the French cannon again fired over their heads and pounded the English lines. The English artillery replied, plowing great lanes through the French ranks as they got nearer; but still the column advanced. Soon Ney's horse was shot under him, and he was given another, and that also was shot, and then he advanced on foot, encouraging his men at every step; and, notwithstanding death and destruction all about them, the Guards actually gained the slope and advanced to the last ridge where the English lay concealed by growing wheat. The whole battlefield, indeed, was covered with wheat, rye, barley, and oats. Here Wellington commanded in person, and when the head of the column was within fifty or sixty paces he suddenly opened on them with grape and cannister, while his whole line rose and poured their musketry fire into their very faces. The Guards halted instinctively, it was all so sudden, and the head

of the column wavered and staggered, as if struck by a great flail. Then the rear ranks attempted to deploy into line, seeing the folly of their attack in column when every bullet killed half a dozen men and every cannon ball half a hundred, but only confusion resulted, of course. Then some unknown British officer, rising to the occasion, shouted out: "Now 's the time, boys, charge!" and the whole British line swept forward, pouring it into them both front and flank, and in spite of all Ney and his gallant officers could do, soon the Guards, outnumbered and dazed, recoiled, and then sullenly retreated, and presently crumbled to pieces—half panic-stricken or worse—leaving the ground heaped with their dead and dying. In trying to deploy, the French masked their own batteries—they could n't fire without hitting their own men—and so their protecting cannon were of no use to them. Ney tried to rally his men, as they drifted back, but failed; and then, hatless, with waving sword, covered with mud and sweat and blood, he shouted out to d'Erlon, as he passed by: "Where are you

going? Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the field of battle!" But he did not die there. His men pushed him into a square, to escape the British cavalry now in hot pursuit, and so he was swept off the battle-field, to be shot afterwards by the Bourbons, more shame to them. This was about 8 P. M.; and now the whole of the allied line rose up by Wellington's orders, "Up, Guards, and advance!" and, with himself among the foremost, charged down the heights, and across the intervale, and up the French slope, even to La Belle Alliance, sweeping all before them—as Meade should have done the last day at Gettysburg. It must have been a magnificent sight. But O, how tragic and pitiful!

Meanwhile the Prussians, instead of being checked as Napoleon supposed, massed more and more on the French right, and about 7.30 P. M. (they had been slow in getting up), turned it, and began to open on their rear with forty-eight guns, the balls of which soon reached the Genappe road, Napoleon's main line of communications, spreading terror and

confusion there. A few of the Prussians, indeed, made the English left, and re-enforced it, where they were badly needed. Though stoutly resisted by the French, the Prussians nevertheless continued to advance, and when Napoleon saw the Imperial Guards repulsed and wrecked, he quickly comprehended all was over with him. His final order was, "*Tout est perdu! Sauve qui peut!*"—"All is lost! Save himself who can!"—and, placing himself in a passing square, he was also borne from the battlefield. The pursuit continued for five or six miles—the retreat degenerating into a rout—the French losing all semblance of an army even, and rushing pellmell back on Genappe, where the road crossed the river Dyle by a single bridge. This soon became choked with wagons and artillery, and here alone a hundred pieces of cannon were abandoned, together with Napoleon's military carriage, containing his maps, order-books, and correspondence. The next day Napoleon secured a horse, and with this rode on to Paris, whither the *débris* of his Grand Army presently followed him.

The British were so exhausted they could not press the pursuit; but the Prussians were comparatively fresh, and Blücher now took pleasure in getting even with Napoleon for worsting him at Ligny. Napoleon, in his Official Report, claimed that he "had gained the battle;" that Wellington, of course, did not know when he was whipped; that "we occupied all the positions which the enemy occupied at the outset of the battle;" that "the army saw with joy the battle gained and the field of battle in our power;" and that afterwards, without due cause, "a complete panic at once spread itself throughout the whole field of battle," and hence the unfortunate "issue of the battle of Mont St. Jean, glorious for the French armies, and yet so fatal." Of course, he knew better, but instinctively fibbed, after the Bonaparte nature.

Now came "the Butcher's bill," and of course it was enormous—over fifty thousand men *hors de combat.* The total French loss was probably thirty thousand, besides two hundred and twenty-seven guns; the English and Prussians twenty-three thousand one hundred and

L. of C.

eighty-five. At Gettysburg Lee lost twenty-seven thousand five hundred and twenty-five, and Meade twenty-three thousand and three. Their armies were about the same as Napoleon's and Wellington's respectively; so that the two battles were not unlike generally, and they were both soldiers' battles more than generals' battles.

Afterwards Wellington and Blücher marched on to Paris at their leisure, and when they got there Blücher wanted to hang or shoot Napoleon as an outlaw and monster. But Wellington said, No; they were conquerors, not executioners; and it would not sound well in history to dispose of him in that way, after triumphing at Waterloo. So Napoleon was sent to St. Helena instead, and he was left to fret his heart out in that island prison, the nineteenth century not knowing what better to do with the greatest prodigy our race has produced, after Alexander and Cæsar. Unquestionably he had more genius than Wellington; but Wellington excelled him in common

sense and "clear grit," and so conquered at Waterloo.

Napoleon himself was guilty of grave errors in the conduct of the battle, and, besides, seems to have been dogged by ill-luck or fatalities. The heavy rain that morning, and the night and day before, was against him; he could not move his artillery. He went into action too late; he should have attacked at 9 A. M. instead of 1 P. M.; and then Blücher would not have got up in time to trouble him. He trusted too much to Ney, and allowed him to waste both infantry and cavalry in reckless charges. He did not take sufficiently into account the steadiness and pluck of English soldiers. And then there was Hougomont besides. And he ought to have been himself at La Haye Sainte. Certainly he was rashly overconfident; and Grouchy failed him miserably. Had Grouchy done his duty, all might have resulted differently. His orders after Ligny were to follow up and watch the Prussians, Napoleon judging they would fall back on Namur and Liege,

away from Waterloo; but when he found they were marching on Brussels, aiming to reach Waterloo, he should at once have "cut across lots," and got there first. Instead, he continued "to follow" them, and fought a useless rear action at Wavre, when he should have marched to the sound of Napoleon's cannon. His second in command, Gerard, urged this upon him at 12.30 P. M., soon after Waterloo opened; but, with blind obedience to his orders, he kept hammering away at the Prussian rear. At 1 P. M. Soult wrote him: "You will maneuver in our direction. . . . Be at hand to fall upon and destroy any enemy that may attempt to attack our right. . . . Maneuver to join our right, without loss of time." Precisely what he ought to have done without orders; but he did not get Soult's order until 7 P. M., and it was then too late. Waterloo was practically over, and Grouchy, with thirty-three thousand men, twelve or fifteen miles away. Unquestionably he was either indifferent or incompetent; perhaps both. If it be said Napoleon erred in not giving him more

precise orders, and that he should have kept him better informed as to what was happening at Waterloo, the answer is, he trusted to his good sense and sound military judgment, as he had a right to do, if fit for such a weighty command.

Wellington was at fault in not concentrating at Quatrebras in time; he was caught napping, and barely escaped ruin there. But this was his last mistake. His dispositions and conduct at Waterloo were faultless. If it be said that he erred in losing La Haye Sainte, the answer is, he could not hold it; and also, that he ought to have retaken it, the like answer is, he was not able to do so. He had a "big job of work" on hand as it was, and it taxed him to the utmost. He was wary and cool from the outset, and, of course, he knew every hour's delay by Napoleon was in his favor, as it increased the chances of the Prussians getting up. They were certainly dilatory; but they felt a little cross at Wellington for not coming to their help at Ligny, not knowing he could not, the French having intervened; and, besides, the

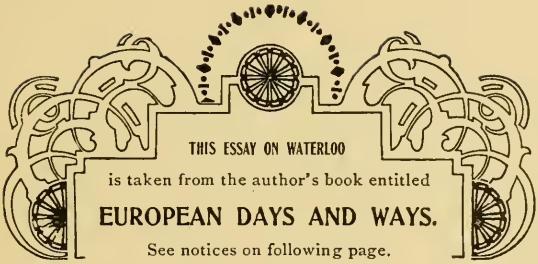
roads were so soft and miry it was almost impossible to march at all. The soldiers were continually wanting to halt. But Blücher's constant order was: "Forward! I have given my word to Wellington, and you must help me keep it!" It was 4.30 P. M. when the first Prussian battery opened its fire. By 6 P. M. they had forty-eight guns in action. By 7 P. M. they were heavily engaged, and undoubtedly did much to save the day. In his official report, Wellington says he "attributed the successful issue of the battle to the cordial and timely assistance of the Prussians," so that they are entitled to their fair share of credit. But unquestionably it was the English (and their allies) who did the heavy fighting, and I am inclined to think that Wellington would have whipped, anyhow, without the Prussians. He had eighteen thousand good soldiers back at Hal and Tubize—not far from Waterloo, some nine or ten miles—whom he never brought up, holding them in reserve in case Napoleon took La Hougomont and turned his right, and this does not look as if he needed

Blücher at all. Of course, it was very nice to have Blücher handy; but it looks as if Wellington went in to win, with or without the Prussians. There is a story, told with great circumstantiality, of Wellington's riding secretly over to Wavre, with a single orderly, the night before the battle, to see Blücher again, and make sure of his co-operation; but the duke always laughingly denied it.

There does not seem to be much in Victor Hugo's elaborate account in "Les Miserables" of a sunken road near the English line, concealed from the French cavalry, and into which they rode helter-skelter, like Western buffaloes, one rank riding over another, until it was filled up with the dead and dying. Certainly there is no such road there now that amounts to much, and it does not seem as if there ever was. It is pure imagination of the great French poet and novelist mainly.

But Hugo is right when he says that Waterloo turned largely upon accidents and fatalities; that they were all against Napoleon; that he had "vexed God," and his time had come.

"Waterloo," he says, "is not a battle; it is the change of front of the universe." The nineteenth century was above the horizon, and its whole stream and tendency were against the *Idee Napoleon*. "It was not Wellington who won at Waterloo," he says, "but England and English soldiers."


THIS ESSAY ON WATERLOO
is taken from the author's book entitled
EUROPEAN DAYS AND WAYS.
See notices on following page.

"An Extremely Interesting and Instructive Book."

EUROPEAN DAYS AND WAYS

By JAMES F. RUSLING, A. M., LL. D.

Brigadier-General (by Brevet) United States Volunteers. Author of "Across America," "Men and Things I saw In Civil War Days," etc.

Europe as it is through American eyes. Travel, History, Art, People, Politics, Religion, Soldiers, etc., with keen comments on Men and Things. An American general's account of the Battle of Waterloo. - - - -

Press Comments

"The author weaves into the narrative numerous bits of historical information, which add to the value and interest of the volume. Social customs, public buildings, cathedrals, railways, and types of character are all faithfully depicted."—*The Times, Trenton, N. J.*

"A well-written and instructive account of a European trip by the author and his family. This may sound commonplace, but the book is anything but that. Those who read it may feel assured they are traveling in extra good company—observant company that lets nothing pass unheeded."—*Fine Arts Journal, Chicago, Ill.*

Cloth. 420 pages. Heavy enameled paper. Gilt top. 70 illustrations: reproductions of snapshots taken en route. Full index. - -

Price, $1.50 net. Postage, 25 cents.

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS & GRAHAM
NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS

THE HERO SERIES

Four new titles have been added to this very popular series, making in all a series of ten exquisite little booklets of high literary merit, with fine half-tone frontispieces, bound in exceedingly dainty but durable cloth bindings, stamped in white and gold, and beautifully printed on fine paper.

Price each, net, 25 cents. **Postage, 5 cents.**

1. **A Hero—Jean Valjean.** By WM. A. QUAYLE. "Fine analysis, elegant diction, and faithful portraiture are here." 43 pages. Frontispiece—"Jean Valjean."

2. **The Typical American.** By CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE. "A breath of inspiration." "Replete with interest." 28 pages. Frontispiece—"Washington and his Family at Home."

3. **Abraham Lincoln.** By SAMUEL G. SMITH. "A literary style that rises at times to noble eloquence." 32 pages. Frontispiece—Statue of the Great Emancipator.

4. **The Gentleman in Literature.** By WILLIAM A. QUAYLE. "Abounding in flashes of brilliant criticism and tokens of literary discernment." 32 pages. Frontispiece—Portrait of the Author.

5. **A Nineteenth-Century Crusader.** By CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE. "Fresh and breezy." "It will inspire, please, and reward every reader." 37 pages. Frontispiece—A portrait of Mr. Gladstone.

6. **King Cromwell.** By WILLIAM A. QUAYLE. "Treated with grace and the power of a glowing enthusiasm." 43 pages. Frontispiece—"Cromwell before the Portrait of the King."

7. **Napoleon.** By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. 45 pages. Frontispiece—Napoleon on board the *Belle Raphon.*

8. **John Wesley: His Courage and Ambition.** By WILLIAM HENRY MEREDITH. "Very interesting, giving a personal and familiar view of an epoch-making life." 33 pages. Frontispiece—Wesley preaching at Bolton Cross.

9. **Three Heroes.** By FRANK L. VOSPER. "Sketches which are genuine and which stir our patriotic pulses." 29 pages. Frontispiece—

10. **Waterloo.** By JAMES F. RUSLING. "A very striking, clear, and full account of the battle." "Most graphic and luminous. 40 pages. Frontispiece—Napoleon at Waterloo.

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS & GRAHAM
NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS

WELL-TOLD TALES

The books in this series have been chosen and put together in a uniform series with a view to meeting the popular demand for good fiction at a moderate price. They are well printed on good paper, and tastefully and durably bound in slate-colored cloth, with handsome cover design in white, gilt tops and flat backs. Size, 5¼ x 7¾ x 1⅛ inches.

Price, per volume, net, 50 cents. Postage, 10 cents.

ACROSS HER PATH,	Annie S. Swan
ALDERSYDE,	Annie S. Swan
THE AYRES OF STUDLEIGH,	Annie S. Swan
BARBARA LEYBOURNE,	Sarah Selina Hamer
BRIER AND PALM,	Annie S. Swan
CAMERTON SLOPE,	R. F. Bishop
CARLOWRIE,	Annie S. Swan
THE COLONEL'S CHARGE,	Carlisle B. Holding
DORIS CHEYNE,	Annie S. Swan
THE GATES OF EDEN,	Annie S. Swan
HER BEN,	Carlisle B. Holding
HILDEBRAND AND CICILY,	M. A. Paul
IN HIS OWN WAY,	Carlisle B. Holding
THE LEAST OF THESE,	L. T. Meade
LIFE ON A BACKWOOD'S FARM,	William Riley Halstead
THE LITTLE CORPORAL,	Carlisle B. Holding
MAITLAND OF LAURISTON,	Annie S. Swan
NORMAN REID, M. A.,	Jessie Patrick Findlay
AN ODD FELLOW,	Carlisle B Holding
ROCKTON,	Kel Snow
ST. VEDA'S,	Annie S. Swan
SHEILA,	Annie S. Swan
THE UNEQUAL FOUR,	Samuel W. Odell
A VEXED INHERITANCE,	Annie S. Swan
THE YOUNG ARTISTS,	Mary E. Ireland

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS & GRAHAM
NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS

OCT 28 1904

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 019 650 128 9